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These beautiful ruins were miserably mangled in the process of removal of the metopes, etc., and fragments which escaped destruction were injured by the clumsiness of the persons employed. Lord Elgin thus gave the *coup de grâce* to the fall of the Parthenon, crowning the task begun by Königsmark and Morosini, the three men thus forming a trio which will forever remain synonymous with the worst vandalism ever recorded in the history of Art. The Greeks were overcome with humiliation, shame, and indignation at the sight of the sacrilege; even the Turk was aroused from his impassibility. Says an eye-witness: "When the Turkish disdar saw the last of the metopes removed, and a great portion of the superb frame-work, with one of the triglyphs tumble down, and dashed to pieces, he took his pipe out of his mouth, wiped off a tear, saying in a trembling voice to Lord Elgin's factotum, Lusieni, the Italian, who stood near him, "Τέλος! (Enough of this! Leave it now alone!)"

To invest the fall of the Parthenon with still more tragic coloring, the fury of the elements now conspired with the greediness of the spoliator; vessels laden with Elgin's booty were wrecked near Cerigo, and the most sublime works of man's divinest art were buried in the deep.

HISTORY OF THE EMPIRE OF KIANG.

CHAPTER I.

SITUATION OF KIANG AND CHINA PROPER—EARLY TRADITIONS OF CHINA PROPER—CREATION OF THE WORLD—THE FIRST MAN—THE FLOOD.

BETWEEN the 26th and 34th degrees of north latitude, and between the 100th and 120th degrees of longitude east from Greenwich, and descending from the table lands of Thibet, on the west, to the Pacific Ocean, which forms its eastern boundary, is situated a vast and fertile country occupying an area equal to Texas, New Mexico, and Utah combined. This country, which now forms an integral part of the Chinese empire, some ten thousand years ago constituted the proud empire of Kiang. On the north, Kiang was separated from the Tartar lands by the Pe-ling Mountains, and at the south, the Nan-ling Mountains formed a natural barrier between it and China Proper, which lay a narrow strip of land extending along the south side of the Nan-ling range to the Pacific Ocean. The Pacific, here known as the Chiuese Sea, extends from the terminus of the Nan-ling Mountains in a southwesterly direction to the Gulf of Tonquin, and so forms, together with the countries of Anam and Siam, the southern boundary of China Proper.

Kiang was settled principally by emigrants from China Proper, with a slight sprinkling of Tartars. It is to China Proper, therefore, and its early history and traditions, we have to look for information, in order to thoroughly comprehend the strange and wonderful development of the empire of Kiang, in its political, social, and religious ramifications. We proceed at once, therefore, to give the reader a condensed account of the early traditions and subsequent history of China Proper.

In the beginning, we are told * that Chong-fo † created the sun by expanding a peppercorn, and suspending it in the heavens in order to give light in the daytime; and to furnish light at night Chong-fo repeated the operation, intending to place in the firmament a luminary of equal magnitude and splendor with that which gave light to day, but the second time he tried, the operation failed. The pepper-corn split into two divisions, one half forming the moon, and the other half being shattered into thousands of pieces, accidentally formed the stars.

As soon as Chong-fo had hung up the great lights, he commenced operations again by fashioning the earth. He transformed a grain of sand into an enormous rock, and flattened it out square. In so doing, a large quantity of rock-dust was made into soil, and the water that was squeezed out by the excessive hammering became the source of the rivers and the ocean.

The sun, the moon, and stars were all made at once, but the labor of hammering out the earth occupied ten thousand years, ten days and ten hours, after which excessive labor, Chong-fo went into a deep sleep of many days. During his slumber, one of his sons, Chong by name, amused himself by playing with the tools that his father had used, and in so doing he created various men and women. For fear that Chong-fo might scold him for so doing, he hid them away in the moon so that his father might not see them. Chong-fo awoke in course of time, and the first thing he did upon awakening was to look out upon the earth, which he rather took a pride in. The monotony, or rather monotony of earth and water, however, did not please him; there was a sameness of color which ought to be improved; so he dipped up the water, and sprinkled it upon the earth to bring forth vegetation, and the surface of the earth was clad with green lawns and beautiful trees which bore fruit good to eat.

Highly pleased with the artistic coloring of the landscape, there was nothing wanting to make the picture complete but the creation of animal life of all sizes and forms, from the crawling worm to the frolicing monkey. This was immediately attended to, and when the birds were singing in the bushes, the fishes sporting in the water, the cattle grazing on the plain, and the lions roaming the wilderness, Chong-fo concluded that the earth was as perfect as could be, very beautiful to look at, and pleasant to repose in. Therefore to repose he betook himself again, charging his children the angels to sport, and play, and enjoy themselves after their own fashion. That they should not be able to meddle with his creation, he destroyed all his tools, after which he went to sleep.

In the meantime, the men and women placed in the moon by Chong junior had increased and multiplied to an enormous extent, so much so that the moon was too small to hold them. A certain fellow, named Ching, who had invented an improvement for planting rice, and endeavored

* Books of Ting, vol. i.

† Cause of all.

to exact an obnoxious tax from others for the use of his improved rice-planter, concluded to leave the place, and settle down upon the earth. So, of a dark night he drove a stout hickory-peg into the centre of the moon, hitched around it an endless rope, and taking the maiden he was deeply enamored with upon his shoulders, he let himself down upon the earth, and landed safely somewhere west of the site where now stands the city of Yuen-Kiang in China Proper. On arrival he set fire to the rope, which, being tarred, blazed up clean to the peg it was fastened to, and charred the same to such a degree that you can see a black dot in the centre of the moon of a clear night down to these days. The great blaze of light caused Chong-fo to wake up suddenly. What are you about? he exclaimed, thinking the angels had fallen into some mischief. Not immediately receiving an answer, he went to the spot where the blaze appeared to be, and there he found the country far and wide covered with ashes, and in the midst of it the trembling Ching, and the maiden Hi-po. "Where do you come from, and where are you going to, and who are you?" he demanded, addressing them in a stentorian voice.

"Came from the moon," replied Ching.

"My name is Hi-po, and this is my husband Ching."

"Going to settle here if it does not interfere with anybody," said Ching.

"Going to do it whether or no," said Hi-po.

Chong-fo at a glance perceived the trick his boys had played upon him during his sleep. He would have remained indifferent in the matter had men and women of their creation continued in the moon, but he did not want to have so perfect an animal upon earth. So he expanded himself into an enormous size, and spouting fire from mouth, nostrils, and eyes, he thus cursed the terrified couple :

"You shall manure your land to make your rice grow, and you shall wear your hair braided into tails, to remind you that you are animals, and not angels!"

The falling soot of the burned rope made the land productive for miles around, and Ching immediately set to work planting rice; his wife Hi-po planted black and green tea, the seed for which they had carefully stowed away in their pockets before their departure from the moon.

Ching and Hi-po went on industriously, tilling the earth, and raising rice and tea. When they had raised a goodly quantity, Ching proposed to Hi-po to take a choice lot of green tea and carry it to market, and there exchange it for sundry notions useful in housekeeping. Hi-po smiled, and said, "My dear Ching, remember you are in the moon no longer; here on earth there are neither markets, nor the first ingredient of a market, namely, purchasers. If you wish to have a market for your goods," she continued, "you must create a demand for the supply you have to offer."

Ching said he would think of it, and when he tossed upon his pillow at night in sleepless disappointment, he bethought him of the advice of Hi-po, and he found it was

good. So in due time they increased and multiplied, and brought into the world many sons, who went forth among the daughters of the country and selected from them comely wives, and peopled the earth with Chinese innumerable.

Ching and Hi-po, after having initiated family life, lived to the ripe old age of two thousand years apiece, when it is to be presumed they died, no record being left in Chinese chronicles of their funeral obsequies. We are left to infer the fact, however, from a quarrel which ensued between two of their sons, over the division of some arable lands which they inherited, the quarrel ending in a lively fight, and the final expulsion of one of them, who went forth in an eastern direction, and ultimately became the father of the outside barbarians.

During several subsequent generations, we find the first rude developments of civil and religious institutions. We there read of several kings, without definitely settled constitutions or popular representation of any kind. It is also mentioned, that the rite of burning the dead had been expressly introduced by Chong, the son of Chong-fo. His reasoning was somewhat in this wise—"Of gasses you are formed, and to gasses you must return, by slow combustion or fire, just as you please." Men were so frightened by this sudden address, that they only heard with distinctness the word fire, so from that day forward they burned their dead. We also find it recorded that a general celebration was held once month at the full moon, when the "peg in the moon" was visible, which celebration consisted in the slaughtering of a bull of spotless white, which was roasted with the skin, and when done, eaten up, and the skin and bones burned on the altar. Those engaged in killing, skinning, and roasting the animal were called Bonzes, and they for their trouble selected the sirloin for their own part of the meal, so to this day the worshippers of Chong-fo abstain from eating sirloin steaks. The early inhabitants of the earth appear to have been an industrious and plodding, honest set of people, who lived on the produce of the earth, and had no time left for mischief; but it appears from the records, that the angels, roaming round in search of amusement, were apt to beguile their time by flirting with the comely Chinese damsels, who appear to have had an unaccountable liking for this irregular intercourse. This produced a great deal of evil. Jealousy, vanity, coquetry, anger, and bloodshed were the inevitable consequences, and the earth was filled with vice and discontent to such a degree, that the regular monthly sacrifices were forgotten or neglected. Chong-fo thought it high time to interfere. He, accordingly, one day went out among the children of men to inquire into the cause of all this hubbub, but finding that celestial spirits were at the bottom of the trouble, he gently chid them, and bid them keep by themselves, and vented his anger upon the children of the earth, threatening them with total annihilation. Chong, his oldest son, was dissatisfied with this arrangement for two reasons. In the first place, he much wished to have men, his handiwork, perpetuated, so as to show what he could do. The

inhabitants of the moon, unfortunately, were all suffocated by the smoke arising from the burning of the endless rope mentioned above, for which reason the moon to this day is uninhabited. Chong's only hope, therefore, was in men on earth, and to confess the truth, in the second place, his hope was in woman also. He had made a careful study of the sex, and he began to like them. So he remonstrated with his father, showing that there was one family, the chief of which was a man by the name of Ching-Ching, a man who was fond of fishing and skilled in navigation, who had never omitted the customary sacrifices, and that he and his beautiful daughters, seven in number, and of whom but two were married, ought to be saved from the general destruction. Chong-fo's wrath was mollified by the remonstrance of his son Chong, so he called forth the man Ching-Ching, and bid him build himself a ship to float him and his family above the waters which Chong-fo was about to send upon the earth to flood it and annihilate men.* And the waters rose in their beds until they flooded the earth to the top of the highest mountains, and they drowned all mankind and all living creatures with the exception of those who had taken refuge in the ship of Ching-Ching. When the waters subsided, Ching-Ching left the ship and returned to the land with his wives and daughters and one of his sons-in-law. The other, however, remained on board the ship to carry on commerce with foreign nations, on the great rivers and across the sea.[†]

Ching-Ching lived to be five hundred and seventy-four years old, when three children were born to him by his three wives, Hi-po, Hen, and Ting. They were all sons, and in due time they took unto themselves wives, and brought forth many children who spread over the land, and inhabited the same, and planted rice and tea, green and black, and sold it to the outside barbarians at high prices, and got from them garments, and swords, and bows and arrows, and files, and silver, and gold. And Ching-Ching was one thousand and five hundred and thirteen years old when he died.

To comprehend and demonstrate that a thing is not beautiful, is an ordinary pleasure, an ungrateful task; but to discern a beautiful thing, to be penetrated with its beauty, to make it evident, and make others participate in our sentiment, is an exquisite joy, a generous task. Admiration is, for him who feels it, at once a happiness and an honor. It is a happiness to feel deeply what is beautiful; it is an honor to know how to recognize it. Admiration is the sign of an elevated reason served by a noble heart. It is above a small criticism, that is skeptical and powerless; but it is the soul of a larger criticism, a criticism that is productive: it is, thus to speak, the divine part of taste.—*Cousin.*

* The record of the flood appears to be common to all eastern nations, and differs only from the record of the Bible in date and minor details.

† It is supposed by Chinese philosophers that in this manner the American continent was peopled.

Architecture.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.

Meeting of December 7, 1858.—The reports of the Library and Furnishing committees having been accepted and disposed of, and the general business of the evening transacted, Mr. Henry Van Brunt read the following paper, on

CAST IRON IN DECORATIVE ARCHITECTURE.

It cannot be doubted that the purest eras of architecture have been those in which building material has been used with the most honest regard for its nature, attributes and capacities. On the other hand, the histories of the decline of every pure style and the rise of every impure style, have been but illustrations of improper uses of the constructive means which nature everywhere yields for the comfort of mankind. She offers to enter into a fair alliance with us; to combine her innate powers with our adaptive skill in the production of objects of beautiful utility. But when those natural powers are misused—when, forgetting that we are their allies, we act as their lords, a virtue has gone out of our works which no human cunning can supply. We admire the Pointed buildings of the 13th century, because instinctively we recognize in them the complete presence of this alliance. Nature yields somewhat of her wild rudeness to man, and man stops wisely short of the full scope of his power for the sake of nature, and the result is a perfect stone architecture. There is nothing in it which makes us forget the quarry. The skill of the workman does not attempt to conceal or contradict the skill of God. But when this stone becomes unnaturally twisted and frittered away into the lacework of the Mechlin tower, or the pendant roof of Henry VII.'s chapel; when it is violently contorted into the wild vagaries of the Cinque-Cento, however much we may wonder at the cunning workmanship, we cannot but lament the conquest of nature in those bewildered mazes and empty fantasies. The moment when the holy alliance was broken, the moment when the stone was taught to forget its native frown of power, its preadamic sternness, and was made to smile and flutter under the chisel, the life of that style departed. For the aim of true art is not conquest over material, but rather a fine compromise with material. Thus it is evident that there is much more true architecture in the carving of an early English capital, where, while all the sentiment of the leaf is retained, the obstinate hardness of the stone is not denied—or even in the rude monolithic dome of Theodoric's Mausoleum at Ravenna, so conscious of its marble quarry at Istria—than in any of the wonderful tabernacle-work of Germany in the 14th and 15th centuries.

But if nature is thus revenged for conquest over her by misapplied skill, the results of simple neglect of her are hardly less disastrous. The aggregate growth of the human mind constantly develops out of nature new means and appliances, new mechanical resources and constructive materials. These are her progressive steps, and she asks of us, her allies in art, a corresponding activity.

In neglect of this activity lies a principle fatal to architecture as a fine art; and this, touching as it does the inventive pride of the artist, is perhaps especially deserving our attention. No fine art is so dependent as this on scientific invention, and consequently to none are the principles of conservation and conventionalism so dangerous. Architects become antiquaries when they feed exclusively upon the past, and are content to reproduce